

STONE WALLS



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Spring Editorial

As I write, this winter is not through with us yet. The snowstorm yesterday accompanied by high winds and bitter cold, left us with below zero temperatures this morning. Yesterday I cleared snow off the terrace three times so the birds could get in to feed. At least a hundred were out there most of the day. The largest number were pine siskins, plus a lot of juncos and house finches, a few goldfinches, titmice, red and white breasted nuthatches, and the ever cheerful chickadees. Hairy and downy woodpeckers were busy at the suet and a few crows and blue jays roosted nearby. Nothing exciting like the time the eagle sat in my backyard mobbed by crows. Fortunately, the sharpshinned hawk, that often lurks in the tall pines nearby ready to swoop in to the feeders, was not in evidence yesterday. The last time I saw him, he swooped in and hit the window with a wing and a thump. No harm done, as I looked up at the sound and saw him fly off in frustration. He often does that, though I have never seen him catch anything. Stands to reason he does at times, or he wouldn't still be flying around!

To change the subject, we ask your patience while we work out the bugs in our new subscription file system. The changeover to computer takes longer than anticipated. In the meantime, there may sometimes be foulups in your subscriptions. Please do notify us immediately if there is any trouble, such as receiving a renewal notice after you have sent your check, especially if the cancelled check has returned to you. We need to know this. We, too, are aware of the fact that several sentences were omitted from Joan Hastings fine article on her Worthington house in this last issue. We were trying a new system of having the typesetter do the layout for us, and this did not meet our expectations. We plan to do the layout ourselves again. At the last minute we had to change over to a new printer (cost problems) and somehow in our haste, did not check over the final layout. We have learned by our mistakes over the past fifteen years and obviously are still learning.

We sorely miss both Connie Dorrington and Ida Joslyn, who have resigned recently. Ida was a founder of Stonewalls and Connie entered the picture shortly after. We have been on this job fifteen years now, and we need more help. If you want Stonewalls to continue, how about some of you out there giving us a hand as well as criticism! We welcome both.

Louise Mason

Cover Photograph by Mike Donovan

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Moving the Chester Railroad Station

by Lucy Conant

After three years of discussion and planning, the old railroad station in Chester was moved across the mainline tracks of Conrail to a new location on Tuesday, January 9, 1990. During this period of uncertainty, the building truly endured the "perils of Pauline."

The origins of the Chester railroad station are obscure. The Western Railroad reached Chester in May 1841, and by the end of that year passenger and freight service had begun between Boston and Albany. There was a depot in Chester in 1841, but a small drawing in William Guild's **A Chart and Description of the Boston and Worcester and Western Railroads** published in 1847 shows a stairway and platform over the tracks with a tall square edifice, probably a water tower, while the building behind all of this is only vaguely outlined. It is interesting that Jim Hicks of Hicks Building Movers reported that the beams next to the eave brackets, which look to be ornamental, go all the way down to the sills and are actually the support beams. He thought from its construction that the building might have been open sided originally with the wood siding added later. The drawings of the Russell and Westfield stations in Guild's book do show open sided buildings with arches. Anyway, if not built in 1841, the station certainly was built in the 1850s at the time the round house was built to service the pusher engines which helped the trains up the steep grades of the Berkshires.

By the time that Conrail stopped using the station for storage in the early 1980s, the 90' by 24' wooden building was dilapidated and battered looking. A busy passenger station for one hundred years, then a freight station and finally a storage and work area, it had seen heavy use. Its five layers of wood flooring,

added on top of each other layer by layer, attest to this.

The reason for the Conrail decision to demolish the station, the last railroad station in the small valley towns beyond Westfield, was not only its poor condition and nonuse, but also its dangerous proximity to the east bound tracks. Only a few feet separated the station roof from the tall modern freight cars and triple decker car carriers going past. When plans for demolition were announced early in 1987, the opposition of the Chester community, especially the Historical Commission, succeeded in postponing the action. Meetings were held and the possibility of relocation began to be discussed. In the fall of 1987, the Chester Foundation Inc. was organized, and its first project was to plan to move the station away from the tracks toward the Long Horn Saloon. Initially, Conrail agreed to sell this property; but before the sale was finalized, a personnel change in the management of the Division and other factors caused Conrail to turn down the purchase offer. They decided that they needed this property for their work in Chester.

Again the community was upset. There was considerable newspaper publicity, and the station was once more in jeopardy. Previously, both the Historical Commission and the Chester Foundation had had problems in dealing with the Conrail bureaucracy. Letters were slow and unsatisfactory, and we couldn't seem to reach the people who made the decisions or even to know who they were. Different departments handled real estate and railroad operations, and we got lost in between.

Meanwhile, the newspaper publicity had attracted Conrail's attention, and as a result

Paul Carey, Division Superintendent in Selkirk, New York, telephoned an officer of the Chester Foundation. As president of the Foundation, I returned his call and finally we were in contact with someone who not only said that he had made the decision not to sell us the land near the Long Horn, but that he would like to see what could be worked out regarding another location. This was the beginning of two years of telephone calls and correspondence, but at least now we were in contact with a person in Conrail who made decisions.

The Foundation then began to consider alternative sites. One possibility was to move the station across the mainline tracks to Conrail property fronting on Prospect Street. On this site the building would be visible from Main Street, but access would be through the underpass which was a disadvantage. Would this land be available from Conrail, and would it be feasible to move the building across the Conrail tracks? A telephone call to Mr. Carey in March 1988 provided tentative affirmative answers. Moving the station across the tracks did not seem to be a problem, as long as the contractor worked with Conrail and the move was done within a two hour period. Meanwhile, we had received a letter from Conrail confirming that the station would be sold to the Foundation for one dollar and that \$10,000 would be contributed toward relocation costs which was the estimated cost of demolition. In the spring Foundation members met with Mr. Robert Krafty, Supervisor of Real Estate for Conrail, and reviewed plans for leasing the Prospect Street site.

Originally we had hoped to move the building in the fall of 1988, but negotiations regarding the lease took time, and by the time agreement had been reached it was too late in the season for the contractors to schedule the move. Meanwhile, through volunteer efforts, the site had been surveyed and an approved percolation test had been done. Flood plain regulations, zoning ordinances and wetland regulations had also been checked out.

An ongoing problem for the Foundation was the necessity for fund raising before

detailed cost estimates were available. It was the perennial problem of which comes first, the chicken or the egg. Both individuals and foundations would require detailed cost estimates, architectural drawings, and other visual presentations before making financial commitments. But the preparation of these materials took both time and money. A preliminary grant application to the Massachusetts Historical Commission was approved; but in making the detailed grant application we encountered the problem that our five year lease with Conrail did not provide the clear title which was required.

Early in 1989, the Foundation made a contract with Design Guild of Boston. Mary Stevens, the architect, was already involved in another grant proposal being submitted by the town, and she was interested in the relationship of the station with Main Street and the rest of the village. Meanwhile, as a result of the efforts of the Historical Commission, Chester Factory Village had been approved for listing on the National Register of Historic Places. During the spring and summer of 1989, the Chester Foundation moved ahead with its plans for moving the station by fall. When we got tangled up in the need for crossing permits and other Conrail requirements, the assignment of Kevin O'Toole from Paul Carey's office greatly facilitated matters. Now we had someone to contact directly with our questions and problems. Meetings took place with Foundation members, Conrail personnel, the architect and the contractors. Progress was being made but the summer was passing, and only now were we obtaining the plans and detailed estimates needed for fund raising.

Of course, the cost estimates of \$67,000 for moving the building, placing it on a new foundation, and repairing the support beams were higher than we had expected, but there seemed to be nothing that could be eliminated. Mr. Carey had said that we had to move the station by fall, and Foundation members had to agree that Conrail certainly had given us adequate time. We had some money on hand, but not nearly enough, and there was not enough time to carry out the

planned fund drive. One of the members of the Foundation agreed to lend the group the needed funds. This would solve the immediate problem, but raised concerns about the financial liability of the trustees if the needed funds were not obtained.

Doubts began to be expressed. One member resigned for personal reasons, and when a vote was taken about signing the contract with Saloomy Construction, the majority of the Board members voted not to proceed. Despite all our hard work, it appeared that the Chester Foundation had failed in its initial undertaking of saving the railroad station. We notified Conrail officials that we could not move the building in 1989. As the news became public, members of the Historical Commission became upset, and newspapers reported that the station would soon be demolished. Meanwhile, several members of the Foundation struggled to develop alternative possibilities. One plan was to save and store for future use the architectural details of the building at the time of demolition. Ultimately two members of the Foundation agreed to guarantee the needed funds for the move to be repaid by future donations with the assurance that neither the Trustees nor the Foundation would be financially liable if the fund raising goals were not met. This proposal was unanimously approved by the Board of Trustees.

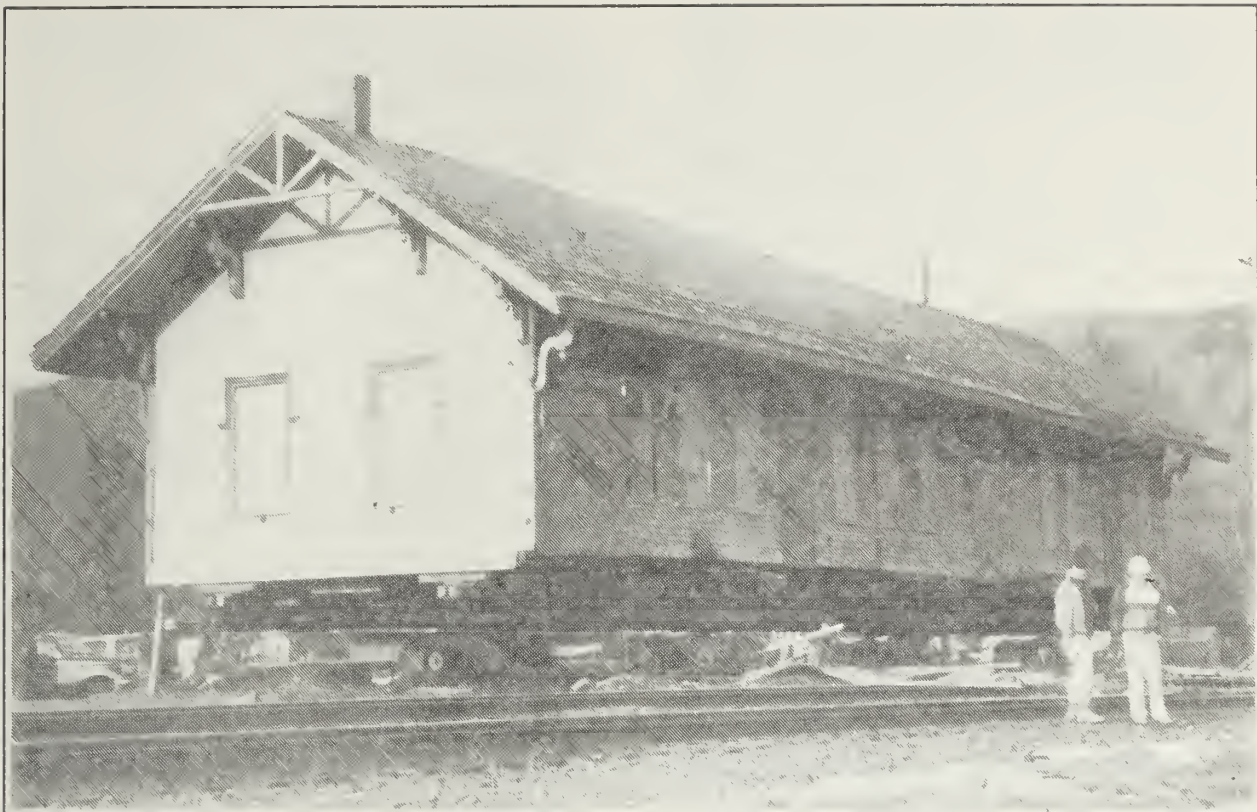
Now the questions were, would Conrail reconsider their plans for demolition of the station and could Mr. Saloomy, our general contractor, and Hicks Building Movers who had been previously notified that plans to move the building had been cancelled, reschedule a new date. It was now late November, not a very favorable time for such a project. Telephone calls were made to Kevin O'Toole at Conrail and Ziter Saloomy informing them that the Chester Foundation was now able and willing to move the railroad station. This certainly is not a recommended method to deal with large corporations and general contractors, and it did take some explaining as to what had happened to cause the Foundation's change of mind.

But miraculously within a week back came telephone calls from Kevin O'Toole and Ziter

Saloomy approving the move. Plans and contracts that had been ready for signing in October were redated and signed in early December. Originally it had been hoped to move the station on Tuesday, December 19th, but the necessity for Conrail to have asbestos removed from pipes in the basement and bitterly cold weather delayed the preparation of the building for moving. Because rail traffic is lighter early in the week, it had been agreed that the building would be moved on a Monday or Tuesday. Since Christmas and New Year's Day came on Monday, the next possible date appeared to be Tuesday, January 9th. This would give Monday, January 8th, as a time for final preparations. Because the ground was frozen, the cellar hole could not be dug, so the building would have to be moved to a temporary place across the tracks and then put in its permanent location in the spring. But at least the station would be safe from demolition.

It seemed impossible to believe after so many problems, but plans for the move went very smoothly. Cooperation was excellent between Hicks Building Movers, Ziter Saloomy and Conrail. Problems that did arise, such as removing the oil still in the old fuel tanks in the station basement, were discussed and resolved without difficulty. Gradually the building was raised up on its steel support beams, and by January 8th it was ready for moving. During this preparation period, the Conrail engines whistled as they came through the village, a pleasant sound in a railroad town.

The timing of the move was up to Conrail as all their trains would have to be stopped for several hours. Their main concern was the fact that the Amtrack passenger train from Chicago to Boston was scheduled to come through Chester at 12:30 p.m., and unlike the freights, this train could not be delayed. Meanwhile members of the Chester Foundation had been in contact with local newspapers and television stations not only because it was an unique event, but also because publicity would be helpful in our fund raising. However, we were unable to give them a specific time for the move until only a few days beforehand.



Ready to Go

Photos by Mike Donovan



Paul Carey of Conrail and Lucy Conant from the Chester Foundation

Nevertheless, on the morning of January 9th, people began coming down to the station soon after 8:00 a.m. Fortunately the weather was excellent for January. An eastbound freight and another train went through, and then Conrail workmen, using crushed stone and railroad ties, began to make a roadway across the two sets of tracks. The children and teachers from the Chester Elementary School came to watch, adding festivity to the occasion. People from the newspapers came, as well as the Channel 22 television crew. Mr. Herbert Regal from the Massachusetts Historical Commission had been one of the early arrivals. Then Mr. Paul Carey, Division General Manager for Conrail, who had said he would help us two years before, arrived from Selkirk, N.Y., in a yellow rail car. His assistant, Kevin O'Toole, had been on the scene since early morning directing Conrail operations. Everyone was taking pictures and talking with one another.

At 10:15 a.m. Hicks's two big trucks slowly began pulling side by side, and the station on its dollies began to inch its way across the tracks. People clapped and cheered, and the school children yelled "Go, go!" Paul Carey quipped, "I think you could say that we're definitely committed at this point." The old gray station was the star of the drama, and the workmen from Conrail and Hicks Building Movers were the supporting cast. It truly had become as community celebration!

Forty-five minutes later, the building was safely across both tracks, and the Conrail workmen began fixing the road bed. The children returned to school, and people began to leave. The first train through, a freight ahead of the Amtrack train, was greeted with waves and whistled in response. Later that afternoon the station was winched down to a temporary resting spot until its new foundation can be prepared. People still stopped by to watch and to take pictures. As an illustration of the cooperation that day, Bill Dyer, working for Ziter Saloomy, hauled out the fuel tanks and furnace from the old cellar with his big backhoe and loaded them into a Conrail dump truck which then hauled them away.

The station is safe, but much remains to be done. This spring the building will be placed on its new foundation. Then come plans for exterior and interior renovation, so that the old station will become a useful and attractive addition to the village. All this will require money yet to be raised by the Chester Foundation.

The station's January journey, however, does show that it is possible for a small non-profit community group to deal with a big corporation and achieve its goal. More important, as it moved across the tracks, the old railroad station became a symbol not of the past but of the future.

Stone Walls readers who would like to help with the costs of moving and renovating the Chester Railroad Station may send checks payable to the Chester Foundation to

H. Newman Marsh, Jr., Treasurer
Misty Mountain Farm
Chester, MA 01011

Donations are tax deductible to the extent provided by law.

The Olds Family of Middlefield —Its Beginnings

By Wesley E. Olds

Introduction:

The original patriarch of the Olds family was Roger Wold who lived on his estate in Yorkshire England between 1189 and 1199, during the reign of Richard I (Richard the Lionhearted). It is quite a span of time, eight hundred years, and twenty-three generations to the present generation of Olds now living in Middlefield. The research of Edson B. Olds, who wrote "The Olds Family Genealogy" in 1915, makes it possible for me to do this article. Also the "History of Middlefield, Massachusetts" by Edward C. Smith and Philip M. Smith describes the early beginnings of Middlefield as a community in colonial times up to 1924 when it was published. I have spent many enjoyable hours reading this book. The more recent "Middlefield History" by Mary E. Sternagle and Henry S.C.

(Pete) Cummings Jr. has given me much pleasure and knowledge as well. Both books provide documented facts about the history of my ancestors. The article by David Olds Jr. and me in Stone Walls, Spring 1989 tells of the recent generations of the Olds family in Middlefield. Now, I want to go back to the beginning of the story about our family. The writing of this family history has taught me a lot about my family and their heritage. Many people have little knowledge of their great-grandparents. Thanks to the efforts of others, it has been possible for me to trace my family back eight hundred years. For someone who enjoys history, obtaining this information has been a wonderful experience.

The Story Begins ...

The story begins with Roger Wold on his estate in Yorkshire, England between 1189 and 1199. Yorkshire, located in northern England is the largest county in England. The family name has been spelled several different ways. First Wold, then Olde, after the e was omitted, it remained Old for a number of generations. Then the s was added, and the name Olds has retained its present spelling for more than three hundred years.

The first Olds to come to this country migrated to Connecticut around 1650. Four generations followed, Robert, Hanford, Samuel I and Samuel II, before Levi Olds and his wife Lucinda (Lucy) came to Middlefield from Southwick, Massachusetts.

Born in Southwick in 1776, Levi and Lucinda (no maiden name given) were married about 1798. They moved to Middlefield between 1800 and 1810, most likely between 1802 and 1804. According to the History of Middlefield, their residence was on West Hill above Factory Brook (then Taggart's Brook) west of the road to Hinsdale. Their oldest child was born in Southwick, but the rest of their twelve children were born in Middlefield.

Levi and Lucy Olds were my great-great grandparents. Like most early settlers, they made their living by general farming, hunting, trapping and fishing. All labor was done manually or with animal power. It would be

several generations before any horse powered implements other than plows were used. Their large number of children provided the necessary work force to maintain the family. Clearing land and raising food took up most of the settlers' waking hours. Even though meals were simple, it must have taken a large quantity of food to feed a family of fourteen. A big vegetable garden and cleared fields for cereal, grains, first rye, later corn and oats would be needed. Livestock supplied meat, milk and eggs. No doubt hunting and fishing also provided some of the meat for the table. Cash was probably scarce. However, the Smith brothers in their history state that David Mack paid fourteen cents a bushel for wood ashes for making potash. Any other income from furs or surplus crops was generally bartered for shot gun powder, salt, tea, spices, molasses and other essential needs. Levi died in Middlefield on February 19, 1821 at the age of forty-five.

Their son, Stillman Olds, who was born on August 4, 1810 on West Hill continued the Middlefield family. In 1835, he married Wealthy Johnson of Chester. She was born August 2, 1803 and lived to be 83 years old. On December 21, 1837, they bought the family farm from William F. Leonard. This land was farmed full-time by the next five generations of the Olds family, according to the original deed given to me by my Aunt Helen Cook.

Stillman and Wealthy Olds raised their family off the land, across the hills on the other side of Middlefield. Following the roads of the town, Stillman's farm was about six miles from his parents' farm. It was located at the foot of Glendale Falls where it joins the middle branch of the Westfield River. It was farmed by Stillman for only seven years, due to his untimely death at the age of 34 years in 1844. His widow continued to operate the farm with the help of her young children, one child was still an infant at the time of his father's death (Uncle Frank). Two of her three sons stayed in the immediate area. The other moved down the river a few miles to Littleville and established a residence there.

Olin C. Olds, one of her sons, built his house south of his mother's home where Clark Wright Road joins the East River Road, while his brother Franklin built his home about one quarter mile north on the other side of his mother, opposite the old swimming hole on the river. Four generations of Olds lived most of their lives in the house that Olin built. There he and his wife, Helen Maria Prentice Olds, raised their family. The house was later sold and remained vacant until both the house and barn were destroyed by fire in 1969. In his final years, Olin developed a chronic heart problem and suffered from lung congestion which subsequently led to his death in 1917. However, an active life in the fresh outdoors probably contributed to his long life. He died in his 76th year.

At this point in the article, I would like to add a humorous slant to the family history. Franklin S. Olds (Uncle Frank) was the youngest child of Wealthy J. and Stillman Olds. He was born in 1843 about a year before his father's death. He had an unusual habit of going barefoot most of the time, and for all I know it could have been year round. If you look at the photo of him, he is the one left of the wheelbarrow and his lack of foot gear is quite apparent.. Uncle Frank built the house where he lived and spent all his life with his wife Louisa Flavilla Meacham (Aunt Vil). It was located on the middle branch of the Westfield River. His barefoot trait is a bit of a family mystery, maybe it was a dislike of those stiff cowhide boots of that era or just that he liked being eccentric. My dad said that he was also a bit short-tempered. It is remembered that when he slopped sap from a bucket being carried, he would get so mad that he would heave the rest of the sap in the pail on the ground.

Olin Olds carried on the family farm which his mother had operated with the help of her sons and daughter after the early death of Stillman. Olin was a trapper as well, general farmer of the self-sufficient type.

According to the second "History of Middlefield", Olin Olds was a noted trapper. Trapping fox and mink in the general area of



Olds Family Homestead

his farm was done extensively. Living at the junction of the Glendale Brook and the middle branch of the Westfield River probably made mink trapping fairly successful. Fox was apparently numerous in this area as they were secured for their pelts. After the animals were trapped, they were skinned with great care, the pelts were then stretched on special boards and dried. His granddaughter, Helen Olds Cook, recalls she was allowed to handle the pelts after they were cured and well remembers handling the bushy tails of the fox. The finished pelts were sold for dry goods and clothing and probably cash in many cases.

In 1876, Olin built the large cattle barn south of the house; this barn was used for housing the farm animals. The next generations of Olds used it for their herds of pedigreed Jerseys. Olin's son, the late Wesley A. Olds was the first of the family to breed and nurture the

fine stock for which Hazel Glen Farm was noted.

In 1869, Olin married Helen Maria Prentice of Worthington. Unfortunately, there is no record of her birth; according to her granddaughter, it would be safe to assume that she was born around 1845. Their three children were born over a period of four years. Minnie Sarah was born October 12, 1870, followed by Grandpa, Wesley E. Olds, who was born February 4, 1873, and Cora W., September 19, 1874.

Great-grandmother Olds, in addition to being a hard working farm wife was a devoted mother and grandmother and taught her granddaughter Helen Olds Cook to sew at an early age. This early exposure to a thread and needle set a pattern for Aunt Helen to becoming a noted seamstress. Aunt Helen always made her own clothes, as well as spending a lifetime making and mending



Olin, Franklin, Wesley Olds

clothes for others who wished to have their clothes custom made. Aunt Helen still has her grandmother's sewing basket which she showed me in an interview with her last year. Helen Maria (Prentice) Olds died in 1913.

Olin was also prominent in town politics serving as a Middlefield Selectman in 1890 followed by another two year session from 1898 to 1900.

He was very fond of his grandchildren; my dad, Howard E. Olds, recalled playing with his grandfather as a youngster.

Great Aunt Minnie, the oldest of Olin and Maria's three children, married Nelson Otis sometime before the turn of the century. It is safe to assume that he came from Chester as they both are buried in Pine Hill Cemetery

which is located there. They had two children, a son Loren born October 16, 1901 and a daughter, Helen Harriet, born in 1906 who died in infancy. Loren and Minnie Otis later moved to Pasadena, California. Shortly before her death in 1930, Minnie came east for a vacation to visit relatives. While here she visited Elizabeth (Bennett) Daniels, my great-grandmother on the other side of the family. My great-grandfather Sidney Daniels Sr. and Minnie's husband Nelson were second cousins. Ironically, my mother never met Aunt Minnie, as Gram Daniels didn't want to share an old friend's visit with youngsters. It certainly was not because Minnie Otis didn't like children, because as Dad once commented, "she loved them all."



Olin and Helen Olds with grandchild - 1910

Nelson and Minnie's son, cousin Loren Otis of Pasadena, California, was a frequent visitor back east. I have seen a photo of the 1930 vintage car in which he made the cross country trip. Another photograph showed my father with Loren's children, Nelson and Mary Elizabeth, at the family farm. When I was a boy, Loren came at least twice with his wife, Betty. Shortly after her death some years ago, Loren made another trip to visit his cousins. As a young man, I remember the visit of Loren and Nelson, and his bride Toni. Fortunately, Dad and Mom went to California to visit Loren and Nelson a few years before Loren passed away. It was a well earned vacation for them, they enjoyed a mini-family reunion and together they saw southern California.

I have written about Grandpa Olds at length in the Spring 1989 issue of *Stone Walls*. He was a fine, intelligent man and a leader as well. It was a pleasure to have known and loved him.

The youngest of Olin and Maria's children was Cora W. born in 1874. She married Arthur Pierce of North Chester in February of 1895. They spent eleven years of married life in the North Chester area. Unfortunately, Aunt Cora died in 1906 at the age of thirty-two. I met Arthur Pierce, referred to by my Dad as Uncle Art, a few years before his death. He and his second wife were living their final years in a rest home in Huntington.

Together with the article on the Olds family in the Spring 1989 issue of *Stone Walls*, the history of this family with its Yorkshire



Nelson and Minnie, Otis and Wesley and Addie Olds, Olin and Helen Olds Cook

origins and long-established ties with the town of Middlefield has been told.

I feel it only fitting now to give a little information on the whereabouts of the living descendants of the Olds family. Due to numerous reasons, the family is now dispersed up and down the east coast of the United States from Massachusetts to Florida.

I will begin with the children of George. His one and only son, G. Robert Olds, now resides in Cheshire, Massachusetts, and has remarried after the passing of his wife, Dulcie in 1986. His daughter, Cathy (Olds) Radwich, and her family now occupy his former residence in Middlefield.

Shirley (Olds) Van Prays and her husband, Walter, live in Woodbridge, Virginia. Their eldest daughter, Denise, lives in the same area. Most years she is in Middlefield at Fair time. Shirley and Walter have seven other children: Jeanine, Susan, Michelle, Andrea, John, Jennifer and Rebecca.

Marie (Olds) Clark lives in Newbury, Massachusetts, with her husband, Thomas J. Clark. They have two sons, David and George. Marie is an actress and has appeared in several movies and television specials. Her stage name is Mara Clark.

Hazel (Olds) Hall, married to Elwin C. Hall Jr., resides at the former Olive Church home

in Middlefield. They have two daughters, Christine and Debra, and a son, Douglas.

Nancy J. Olds, formerly of Middlefield, now lives in North Fort Myers, Florida.

The following are the children of Elmer Olds: Phyllis (Olds) Kelso lives in Huntington, where she is on the Board of Selectmen. Phyllis is married to Edward Allen Kelso. They have eight children: Gerald, Bruce, Douglas, Gail, Mark, Marcia, Shelley and Sylvia.

Raymond E. Olds, after carrying on the family farm for a number of years, moved to Tavares, Florida and is a contractor. He and his wife, Delores (Moreno) Olds, have five children: Dana, Daniel, Donna, David and Diane.

Helen Olds Cook's children are: Richard C. Cook of Westfield. He is the President of the Highland Agricultural Society (Middlefield Fair). He is married to the former Rosemary Senter. He has two daughters - Corry (Cook) Barrett and Jennifer Lynn Cook. His brother

Wendell R. Cook lives in or around Portland, Oregon. He is a floral designer and is married to the former Carole Ann Bausch. They have four children: Robert, Bradley, Mary Ellen and Lelisa.

My father, Howard E. Olds, had the following children: Wesley E. Olds of Hinsdale, who is a Lieutenant in the Pittsfield Fire Department and has three daughters, Julie A., Jean E., and JoAnne M.

Virginia (Olds) Durwin lives in Pittsfield. She and her husband, Paul have four sons, Brian, Michael, Joseph and Nicholas.

David Howard Olds resides in Hinsdale and is married to the former Diane Dorothy Fuller. They have three sons: David Jr., Daniel and Douglas. David is a construction foreman and served as Hinsdale Fire Chief for several years.

Special Thanks to Helen Prentice (Olds) Cook for her gift of family facts and information as well as priceless family photographs.

References for this story include:

"The Olds Genealogy" Edson B. Olds, 1915
"The History of Middlefield" Edward C. and Phillip M. Smith, 1924
"History of Middlefield" 2nd edition, Sternagle and Cummings, 1984

***Editor's Note:**

Since this article was written, we note the passing of George W. Olds on Christmas Day, 1989 at his winter home in Florida. Our heartfelt sympathy to his wife, Grace and her family.



Sap Buckets on Maple Tree

by Betty Stull, Southampton, 1974

Lemuel Haynes — An Eloquent Man of God

by Carol Laun

A young man of mixed parentage black and white through his talent, diligent study and hard work, became a well-known and much-loved minister.

Why is this remarkable? Because it happened in the late 1700s in a small New England town, at a time when blacks were considered less than human.

An illegitimate child was born July 18, 1753 in the home of John Haynes, in West Hartford, Connecticut. Two history books state that the mother was a servant girl named Alice Fitch, and the father a black slave, whose name is lost in time. According to the "History of Granville", by Albion B. Wilson, John Haynes discharged Alice Fitch and kept her baby, naming him Lemuel Haynes.

However, a book written in 1837 by Rev. Timothy Mather Cooley, "Sketches of the Life and Character of the Rev. Lemuel Haynes", states that the father was a full African and the mother came from a respectable New England family. Cooley was a life-long friend of Lemuel Haynes.

Generally, in those days, a woman who had an illegitimate child either had a quick wedding, or raised the child under her own name, or was sent to the poorhouse. For some reason, this case was different. The infant was given the name of a respectable West Hartford family and placed in a good Christian home.

"When I was 5 months old, I was carried to Granville, Massachusetts and bound out as a servant to Deacon David Rose till I was twenty-one. He was a man of singular piety. I was taught the principles of religion. His wife, my mistress, had peculiar attachment to me: she treated me as though I was her own child. I remember it was a saying among the neigh-

bors, that she loved Lemuel more than her own children."

It was a condition of his indenture that he would receive a district school education.

"As I had the advantage of attending a common school equal with the other children, I was early taught to read, to which I was greatly attached."

Lemuel developed an interest in religion early in life. A sermon was read and discussed every Saturday night at the Rose homestead. Soon it became Lemuel's duty to read the sermon. One evening he read a sermon that David Rose found very interesting. He asked Lemuel who wrote the sermon, "Davies, Watts or Whitfield?" After a long pause, the young man answered, "It's Lemuel's sermon."

Lemuel did not leave the Rose home when his indenture was over. It had become his home, too. In 1775, Elizabeth Rose died, the only mother he had ever known. Lemuel felt "bitter mourning and lamentation".

Also in 1775, the Minute Men marched to the Lexington Alarm, and Lemuel Haynes was with them. He volunteered for the Ticonderoga expedition, where he contracted typhoid fever and was sent home.

The people of Middle Granville (now West Granville) regarded Lemuel as "one raised up of God" and asked him to lead devotions in their church, which had no minister. The community encouraged him to become a minister, and although it was arranged to have him attend Dartmouth, Lemuel was apprehensive, and did not go.

Instead, he studied Latin with Rev. Daniel Ferrand of Canaan, Connecticut and then Greek, with Rev. William Bradford of Wintonbury (now Bloomfield), Connecticut. Lemuel

taught school in exchange for the lessons in Greek.

In 1780, he passed an exam in theology and languages and received a license to preach. He was 27 years old. Lemuel Haynes was unanimously called to be the first pastor at the Congregational Church in Middle Granville, which he accepted.

"It was a wonder of the age to be invited to be the spiritual leader in the town that knew him as a servant boy and under all the disabilities of his humble extraction."

Rev. Haynes stayed 5 years in Granville and was known for his eloquent sermons. It was said of him that "his articulation was uncommonly distinct and that he presented arguments with great simplicity and striking effect."

During his Granville history, in 1783, Lemuel Haynes married Elizabeth Babbit. She was teaching school in Granville Center and "possessed a refined education for that day." Although she was virtuous and pious, she was not shy, because she proposed to him. Their marriage was approved of by all the local clergy and by the community.

Elizabeth was born in Dighton, Massachusetts in 1763 and died in 1836. They had 9 surviving children (one died) and "all were pious but one."

In 1785, Haynes was ordained as an evangelist minister and called to Torrington, Connecticut. "He overcame the prejudice of bigots with the power of his preaching."

Two years later, he was sent to Vermont as a missionary. It was a "season of great moral darkness in New England" and Vermont was considered a "moral desert". Rev. Haynes spent the next 30 years of his ministry in West Rutland, Vermont. His congregation was very attached to him and vigorously objected to any disparaging remarks about their "coloured minister".

Haynes wrote a letter to Rev. Timothy Cooley, a close friend, in 1797. "It has been a dying time in this Society. Since last spring we have had about 15, chiefly children. Perhaps God is correcting us for our neglect of family religion. Infidelity and stupidity are very prevalent."

A sermon preached by Haynes in 1805 brought him fame. It was his response to a sermon by Hosea Ballou, a leading Universalist spokesman. Haynes' brief sermon "Universal Salvation" satirically equated Ballou to the serpent saying "Ye shall not surely die", and to the devil. It was printed in 40 editions.

Lemuel Haynes had a quick mind and a sharp wit. Anecdotes abound illustrating his sense of humor. He once told a fellow minister who was lamenting the loss of all his sermons in a fire, "Brother, they gave more light from the fire than they ever gave from the pulpit."

On another occasion, Haynes, an ardent Federalist, accidentally entered a celebration for newly elected Andrew Jackson. He was urged to give a toast and offered this, "Andrew Jackson, Psalm 109 Verse 8." When someone finally looked up the quotation, they found, "Let his days be few, and let another take his office."

Although Haynes was successful in religious revivals in his own and neighboring churches, he was fighting a losing battle. Times were changing. The free and independent spirit of the Revolutionary War was affecting religious attitudes. Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" encouraged free thinkers. People were accepting the idea of universal salvation instead of the orthodox Calvinist doctrine Haynes embraced.

In 1814, Lemuel Haynes was a delegate, representing Vermont ministers, at the convention of the Connecticut General Association in Fairfield. There he met Timothy Dwight, President of Yale University, who invited him to preach in New Haven. He filled the church with his "impassioned eloquence".

After serving 30 years in West Rutland, Haynes was dismissed in 1818, at the age of 65. It may have been due to his outspoken political opinions, changing religious beliefs, or because he was black. He was bitter and angry at what he considered slander and persecution, and preached a blistering final sermon. In closing, he pronounced he would see them all again on judgement day.



Haynes then spent 2 years in Manchester, Vermont, where he played a leading role in a famous murder trial. He believed in the innocence of two brothers in a case based on dreams and circumstantial evidence. The "murder victim" appeared, alive and well, shortly before Jesse and Stephen Boorn were to be executed. Haynes published a factual account of the case, which was important in American judicial history.

All through his 30 years in West Rutland, then 2 years in Manchester, and 11 years in

Granville, New York, Haynes longed to return to another Granville. "My heart is often at Granville. I cannot be wholly weaned from the place of my childhood and youth."

In the last year of his life, Lemuel Haynes finally returned to Granville to substitute for the ailing minister. It was 1833 and he was 80 years old. "I preached in Granville on the Sabbath, and it was an affecting thought to stand at the desk where I used to preach more than 40 years ago.

The aged minister visited the old homestead where his master, David Rose, had lived and died. It was the first framed house in the parish, and Haynes had helped to build it. (It was located on Route 57 near the top of East Hill). He walked over the fields he had cleared and planted so many years ago.

He also went to the burying ground. Many of the stones bore epitaphs he had composed, including the first burial in the cemetery, of 3-year-old Calvin Coe.

"I was the first come here to lie;

Children and youth prepare to die."

Rev. Lemuel Haynes then visited an apple tree where, in his youth, he had experienced

conversion. He knelt and prayed and said, "I leave this tree for the last time." He died September 28, 1833.

It is a measure of his power and eloquence as a preacher that Lemuel Haynes inspired such a strong following at a time when his message was being rejected by enlightened thinkers. He believed that plainness was the chief excellence of a sermon. He once said that you "get home and to heaven the same way, one foot before t'other. The Lord calls us to follow him, not wait to be carried."

The words of Lemuel Haynes are his best epitaph.

(A previous article on Lemuel Haynes by Helena Duris was printed in Stone Walls, Fall 1984, p. 32)



Odds and Ends of Yesteryear

by William S. Hart

Miss Rose O'Meara of Silver Street, North Granby, Connecticut let me borrow an old diary book that belonged to her father, Martin J. O'Meara, a prominent farmer in his day.

The diary is dated 1859, but this is misleading. In the days before the turn of the century, most people didn't have the money to buy notebooks like we have today and in most rural areas they were not available or were limited in type and size.

Children in school did not have notebooks supplied so they preserved their school papers by pasting them in the pages of novels and books the family had discarded. In this instance the used diary of 1859 is pasted with newspaper clippings at least as late as 1894 as one article mentions it was the sixth anniversary of the Blizzard of 1888. The following are excerpts from some of the articles saved:

How to Make Grafting Wax

Take two parts mutton tallow, four parts resin, three parts beeswax and resin into it. When it is all melted, stir it all up and pour it into cold water and work it over. If there are lumps in it, mash them with your thumb and finger. The longer you work it, the more sticky it grows. When it begins to stick to your hands, put some tallow on them. Work it until it is sticky as you want it. Put it in a tin pan with a cover to it, and it will keep for a number of years. I think it is as good as sticking salve to put on any sores. Some people put in more tallow than they put in resin or beeswax, to make it softer to work in cold weather; but if there is too much tallow in it, it will melt and run in warm weather. I have had about forty years experience in grafting, and used a number of sorts of grafting wax. Some people put it in hot water, and make more trouble than there is need of. I wet my finger with my tongue, and don't find any difficulty in putting the wax on.

Everlasting Fence Posts

A correspondent of the Western Rural says: "I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple and inexpensive that it was not worth while making any stir about it. I would as soon have poplar, bass-wood or quaking ash as any other kind of timber for fence posts. I have taken out bass-wood posts after having been set seven years, that were as sound when taken up as when they were first put into the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect on them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents a piece."

For the benefit of others, we will give the receipt. "Take boiled linseed oil and stir in it pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rotten."

Sheep Pelts

A correspondent of the Scientific American gives the following plan for tanning and dyeing sheep-pelts:

"Wash the pelts in warm water, and remove all fleshy matter from the inner surface, then clean the wool with soft soap, and rinse the soap thoroughly out. Secondly, apply to the flesh side the following mixture for each pelt: Common salt and ground alum, one quarter pound each, and half an ounce of borax. Dissolve the whole in one quart of hot water. When cool enough to bear the hand, add rye meal to make a thick paste, and spread the mixture on the flesh side of the pelt. Fold the pelt lengthwise, and let it remain two weeks in an airy and shady place, then remove the paste from the surface, wash and dry. When nearly dry, scrape the side with a knife, working the pelt until it becomes thoroughly soft...A beautiful blue may be imparted to the

wool by using the following receipt: Add a wineglassful of sulfuric acid to a gallon of water. Put into the solution a tablespoon or more of imperial blue, regulating the quantity of dye stuff to the shade of blue required. Put in the pelts and boil for ten minutes. After boiling, the pelt will need working again, to make it soft."

Hollow Horn

If the horns of the animals are cold in the morning, you may expect they have the horn ail. If the eyes look dull and heavy, and matter gathers in the eye, and the nose is dry and does not sweat, it is another evidence of horn ail. If the hair is dry and stands out straight, and the droppings are dry and hard, it is a third indication. Take a common teacup half full of good strong vinegar, put in a tablespoon each of fine salt and black pepper, ground fine, and let it soak. In the morning put a tablespoon in each ear of the animal affected; the next morning repeat the dose. If the case is not a bad one, two applications will generally effect a cure. As soon as the natural warmth returns to the horns, then the cure is effected. I would recommend not to bore the horns nor cut them off till the above remedy has been tried. In applying the medicine, it will be necessary for one person to hold the head and another to apply the medicine. Be sure to hold the ear up, so that the liquor will run into the head. I have not known a creature to die with the horn ail that has been treated with this, for forty years.



Cure For Felon Of The Finger

Take common rock salt, such as is used for salting down pork and beef, dry it in the oven, then pound it fine and mix with spirit of turpentine in equal parts. Put it on a rag and wrap it around the thumb, and as it gets dry put on some more, and in 24 hours we are assured the felon will be dead.

Remedy For Whooping Cough

Take half an ounce each of spirits of hartshorn and oil of amber; mix them well together; every night and morning anoint well with the palms of the hands, pit of the stomach, soles of the feet, armpits and backbone. As long as the ointment is being used do not allow the parts anointed to be washed; the back of the hand may be washed, but not the palm; care must be taken afterward not to take cold. This cannot injure the smallest infant. Keep the bottle well corked.

Scarlet Fever

Thoroughly anoint the patient twice daily with sulphur ointment, and give five to ten grains of sulphur in a little jam three times a day. In previous cases sufficient sulphur was burned twice a day (on coals of fire on a shovel) to fill the room with the fumes, and of course was thoroughly inhaled by the patient. Under this mode of treatment each case improved immediately, and none were over eight days in making a complete recovery.

Many thanks to Miss O'Meara for sharing this glimpse into yesteryear.

Stone Walls

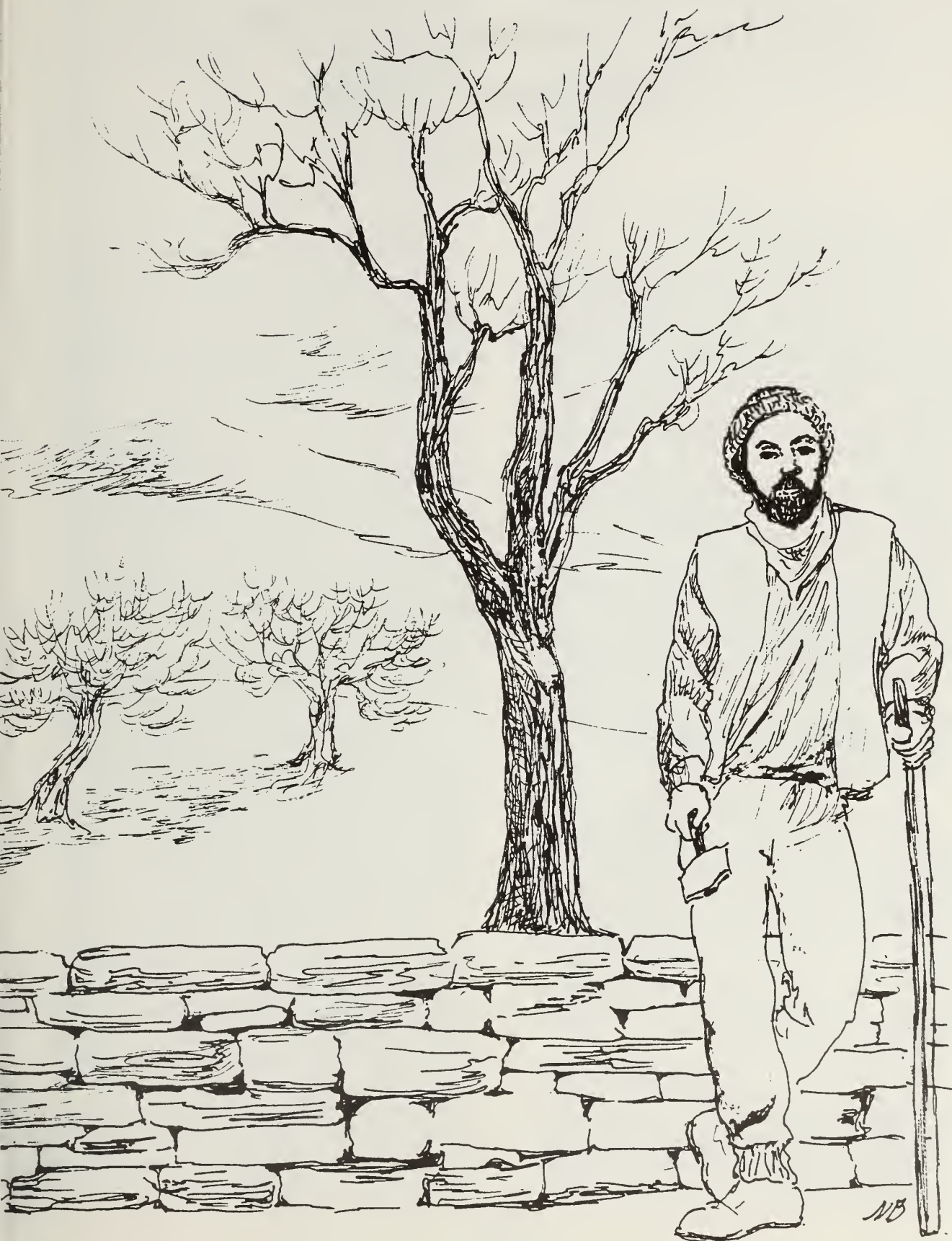
Sentinels from the past

by Alta Crowley

Stones placed there, mark the lines,
The rough, the smooth of gone-by times.
From forests, from caves, hills and dells,
All shapes and sizes, their story to tell.
So strong and sturdy, oxen pulled some,
Too heavy to lift, brought one by one.
All in a row, a fortress strong,
Spaced, placed and fitted, each stone belongs.
Still robust and staunch, as in the past,
Placed so well, forever they'll last.
Give thought to the builders, their toil, their care,
What a legacy for us to share.

W. S. H





United States Army Civilian Conservation Corp. Company 114th

By Francis P. Waversak

West Granville, Mass.

Right after the stock market crash of 1928, things were very critical in this country, no money, no jobs. It was in 1933, our president, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, knew things were very bad and critical, so he established the Civilian Conservation Corps. All men 18 years and up could sign up for a six-month hitch, or more.

Each camp consisted of four large barracks, 50 men in each barrack, 25 men on each side. There were four pot-bellied stoves in each barrack; a crew of six men were chosen for one week to supply wood and keep the fires burning all night in all four barracks. At the foot of each army cot was a storage box to keep all our private belongs. At the top of each cot was a large shelf where we kept our mess kit, a clock if you had one, toothbrush and paste, etc. We had plenty of blankets of 100 percent wool. These were a surplus from World War I.

As for clothing, we were assigned two pairs of heavy socks, a pair of heavy army boots and a pair of heavy army shoes. Each man also received one heavy army coat, two pairs of khaki pants, two pairs of army shirts, a hat, two pairs of 100 percent wool underwear. These were all World War I army surplus. We also received two pairs of heavy duty blue dungarees. These items were all distributed from the commissary.

The man that was fully in charge of supervising the camp was a retired Army Captain. Boy was he handsome. He wore a pair of white gloves, carried a cane, and wore a few medals on the lapel of his coat. He was very strict, right to the letter. He was also quite a

womanizer. His name was Captain Fitch. His white gloves were a mystery to me, why he wore them, I soon found out. Every morning at 6:00 a.m., a sergeant and his aides would stand at the head of the barracks and blow a whistle for reveille, get up, get dressed at attention for roll call. After roll, we would go down to the wash room, wash our faces, comb our hair and then go up to the recreation hall and have breakfast. After breakfast, we would go back to the barracks, get dressed for work and morning inspection. Every morning, a sergeant would come through with two aides and check our barracks, foot lockers and shelves to make sure everything was neat and clean.

At least three times a week, Captain Fitch would come through and check to see if everything was in order. As he went through the barracks, he picked out every third bunk first the bunk to be sure it was made properly, second the foot locker to see if everything was neatly folded and third the shelves. He would run his hand with the white gloves to make sure there was no dust or dirt on the shelf and also the mess kits. If there was some dust or dirt, the man in charge of the bunk would get extra duty for punishment. The punishment could be four hours to ten hours extra duty on his own time after 5 p.m. Some of the extra duties could be peeling potatoes in the kitchen, splitting wood, guard duty, raking the whole yard, or losing his weekend pass; this would deprive him of leaving the campgrounds. (that really hurt)

The purpose of the Civilian Conservation Corp. was to make jobs for the young men of this country and get money back in the cir-

culuation to start building up our economy. Each man received \$30 a month. Distribution of the money was \$25 that was mailed directly to the man's parents to help them out financially. The balance, \$5, was kept by each man for his monthly needs. He would buy, from that \$5, his cigarettes which were eighteen cents a pack. A bakery truck would come up every day around 4 p.m. loaded with goodies. Eclairs, 6 inches long, were five cents apiece, doughnuts were two cents for plain and three cents for sugar-coated. All other pastries were anywhere from two cents up to eight cents apiece. We also had a small canteen that carried all types of cigarettes, candy, etc.

Things were pretty active in all the barracks on pay day night; There were poker games and shooting craps. A lot of these men went broke that same night, which left them without any money for the rest of the month.

Working Details

There were two barracks of fifty men, each were split into sections of twenty-five men each. The first twenty-five men were identified as Section A, the second twenty-five were Section B. Each barracks was split into different Sections. Working hours were 7:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. Each section had a section leader, who was fully in charge of the men and the work that they were going to do. Each section leader was picked for the experience he had in this type of work.

Section A was assigned for the week to dig up all the dirt in the road that connected West Granville state road to the Connecticut line. This was an old wood road. They used pick and shovel to dig down 20 inches to 24 inches to make way for a stone foundation. The width was 15 feet wide. A dump truck went along with all the tools in it.

Sections B and C were assigned to stone wall duty. First the forestry crew would cut all the trees and brush along one side of the stone wall so the dump trucks could drive right up to the section where the stones were cracked. Each man had a choice of either working with an eight pound or a 12 pound sledge hammer. The sledge hammer had a V-shape on one end and the other end was flat. These stone walls

were as high as 4 to 6 feet in some places. They averaged 20 to 40 inches wide in some places. Two men would get on top of the wall with heavy crow bars and dislodge the top stones onto the ground so you could get a better leverage to split or crack them apart. These stones were all different shapes and sizes and very heavy. At times it would take four to five men just to move one.

Our section leader showed us a few tricks on how to split these stones. Most of the stones have grain marks in them so you take the v-shaped end of the sledge hammer and hit that spot five or six times and the stone would split in half or one-third or one-fourth pieces. This made it easier to split these pieces to smaller ones. When you are through cracking the larger pieces, you wind up with pieces that measure anywhere from six inches to eight inches long by six inches deep and four or five inches wide. When we have enough cracked rocks to fill a dump truck, we have a fifteen minute rest break. After the rest break, then we would start loading these pieces into the dump truck until it was full. This was all done by hand.

The driver of the truck hauled these cracked stones up to where section A dug up the dirt to make way for the first phase of the foundation.

Second phase, two dump trucks full of sand go back and forth to tamp down the stones so they will be nice and firm. These stones were about twelve inches deep.

Third phase, two dump trucks come in loaded with fine gravel and dumped their loads on top of the cracked stones, spread it out to about six inches deep. After the gravel was spread out, the same procedure applied here as in phase 2.

Fourth phase, two or three dump trucks would come in with extra fine gravel and sand to cap it off. The cap was usually five to six inches deep. The same procedure was applied as in phase 2.

When all this was completed, a tar truck would come in and spray a thin coat of tar to keep the dust down and also seal the gravel.

Forest Duty

Section D & E, they were the men that would go out and cut down all dead and broken trees. The trimmed limbs and under brush were piled into large piles and left to dry later to be burned. The balance of the wood that could be saved was cut up and hauled to the campgrounds and stored for winter use.

Down through the center of the campgrounds, ran a brook from the Granville state road to the Connecticut state line. It was called the Clam River; the widest point I found was only eight feet wide. Why they called it a river, I don't know. On the west side of the brook, the forestry group made picnic areas. There were beautiful pine and hemlock trees all the way down along the brook. On the east side of the brook, larger areas were cleaned out for overnight campers.

Carpentry Crew

Section E, they made all the picnic tables and benches to be placed in these areas. They also built fireplaces in all these areas. There were also trails made for those people that liked to hike. Where the trails came to the brook, the carpentry crew would build small bridges across the brook. Some of the other duties were to make repairs on all the barracks when the roofs leaked and when the wind would blow some of the tar paper off on the sides of the barracks.

Gravel Pit Crews

Sections F & G, we got our gravel from a pit at the foot of East Hartland Mountain in Connecticut. This was a distance of four miles away. There were four dump trucks that hauled gravel all day long. The job of the crews that were working these was to fill these trucks by hand with shovels. This gravel was used for the building of the roads. Where the gravel was located, is now the Barkhamstead Reservoir.

Section H

This group of men were split up into small groups, of two to four or six men to do odd jobs around the camp area. One group would help out in the kitchen washing pots and pans

and also set up the tables for noon meals and supper. Another crew would clean and rake the campground, keep the latrine clean, also shower room and the sinks. Three men would help the garage mechanic in repairing the trucks.

Each week, these sections would be rotated so every man would get a chance to work on all these different projects.

A special building was built which was our hospital. Doctor Wessenger, a Navy lieutenant who was retired, was in charge. There were six beds in the hospital and they were used for men who had bad colds, sore throats, etc. Any extreme bad cases such as appendicitis, a serious cut from a saw or axe, were transported to the Noble Hospital in Westfield or to a hospital in Hartford, Conn.

A huge generator in a special room supplied all the buildings with electricity and also heated all the hot water we needed in the shower room.

We had four army trucks with canvas covered backs on them. Two trucks were used for transporting men on weekend passes. On Saturday, one truck went to Westfield, Mass., the other to East Hartford, Conn. These men could do anything they wanted, such as to go to shows, beer joints, dancing, etc. The hours were from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Men that lived within a twenty to thirty mile radius had their own cars, and they would spend the weekends with their folks at home.

On Sunday morning, part of the recreation room was set up for church services which took place at 10 a.m. A Catholic priest would come up and hold service for the men that attended that were Catholic, and a minister would hold mass for those that were Protestants.

Entertainment at Camp

October, Halloween, we decorated the recreation hall for the party. We had a local band to play for dancing. The four canvas covered trucks would pick up the girls and bring them to the party. Two trucks would go to Westfield, Mass., No. 3 truck would go to Winsted, Conn., and No. 4 truck would go to East Hartford, Conn.

These trucks could carry thirty people, fifteen on each side. It was a rough ride, most of the time gas fumes would seep in from the exhaust pipe and you could become very ill. We had to leave the back flaps open to get fresh air no matter how cold it was outside.

There were four of these trucks, one truck would deliver and pick up the mail every day from Winsted, Conn. The second truck was used to pick up odds and ends such as material we needed for camp: nails, saws, shovels, picks, etc. The third truck would go to West Springfield, Mass. to pick up food supplies. The army had a distributing center which supplied camps within a radius of fifty miles. Most of the canned food came in one gallon cans because it was cheaper by the bulk such as corn, beans, beets and pickles, etc. The fourth truck stood by for any emergency that might come up.

A dairy farmer in West Granville supplied us with fresh milk every day. We always had fresh eggs every day supplied by poultry farmers from West Granville. A bakery truck that came up every day supplied us with all the bread we needed. The fresh fruits and vegetables were picked up at a large distributing center in Hartford, Conn., also the poultry, pork chops, once in a while a steak, and any other meat that was needed came from a supplier in Springfield, Mass.

Eighty percent of the men at our camp came from the suburbs of Boston; they were Quincy, Dedham, Brookline, Cambridge, Somerville, and Medford, Mass. Twenty percent of the men came from local areas: they were Great Barrington, Huntington, Russell, Westfield, Southwick and Springfield, Mass.

On Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day, for the men that could not go home to be with their families, they went all out at camp to serve a full turkey dinner with all the fixings plus pies, cakes, ice cream, etc. No liquor of any kind was allowed on the campgrounds at anytime.

Captain Fitch served our camp from September to December then he was transferred to organize a new camp. In his place, they put an Air Force Marine Lieutenant. He was really rough and tough, a die-hard disciplinarian.

Some of the men in our camp from nearby towns were: Chick Ozenbar from Great Barrington, Ga Ga Dwyer, three Powers brothers and Shory Coe, Francie and Andrew Waver-sak, brothers from Westfield, Hugh and Michael Lannon, brothers, John Tamauskas, John Quinn, Frank Koslowski, Raymond Avery from the Westfield area. There were several other men from the nearby area, but I have forgotten their names.

After three years, when these camps were well-established and running smoothly, the Federal government turned them over to each state to maintain and take care of them. The states appointed two forest rangers for each park. They took full responsibility of maintaining these parks. Their job was to supply firewood for the picnic areas. They had to keep all the picnic tables and benches in top shape, empty the rubbish barrels, pick up any litter in these areas, keep the roads in good condition and on weekends and holidays, they patrolled the areas every two hours.

In the late forties, the state would charge fifty cents per car to get into the parking area and twenty-five cents for each picnic table that was in use. Later on, these parks were so popular with picnickers that they put a limit of two hours for each table because there were so many people waiting to get in.

I enlisted in the first week of October, 1933 for six months. I arrived at camp the last week of October and was honorably discharged the last week of April, 1934. In closing, all I can say was that I was grateful that we had such a great man, Franklin Delano Roosevelt as our president, who had such foresight to save our country from a total disaster and collapse, financially, morally and economically.

NOTE: On Saturday evening, Dec. 30, 1989, at 7:30 p.m. Channel 22, the program "As Schools Match Wits" was on the air. There were three questions asked worth ten points each. Question 1 was "What do the three letters C.C.C. mean in our country's history?" None of the four contestants could answer the question. It's too bad that so many children of this generation don't know anything about this part of our country's history which was so important and part of our survival.

The Hands of Lincoln

*Philip Jerome Cleveland
Minister in 1st Congregational Church
Blandford, Mass. 1972-1977*

*Strong as the cedar trees, grey-gnarled and long,
Supple at dawn, they were a woodsman's pride,
His tittle-deeds to life, his right to hearth
And home; he scarce had any help beside.
Young hands that labored in green summer fields
Sun-tanned and cooled by winds, their virile length
Downed men like saplings; in a few years more
The nation feared the omen of their strength.
Hands of a man, they pushed the great woods back,
Cut friendly paths for life, sweat in the gloam;
His good wife knew the records of their love
And faithfulness. She watched them build a home.
A father's hands, they bore his children up
The dusklit stairs to bed; upon the street
They clasped his sons like massive hoops of steel,
And sheltered them against the winter's sleet.
They gestured hope when war made men afraid,
And gave, unceasing, all that love could give —
Life's very blood and brawn, glad that their strength
Should fail if these United States might live.*

The Diary of William H. Shaw

1861 - 1865

Introduction by Grace Wheeler

Introduction

Stone Walls would like to thank the following people: Mrs. Ruth Rudolph for sending us her copy of the diary; Mrs. Betty Shaw Scott, granddaughter of William H. Shaw, for giving us permission to print the diary; Mrs. Pam Hall for her help in tracking down Mr. and Mrs. Lester Shaw of West Chesterfield. They were able to help us contact Mrs. Betty Scott and were able to supply us with a photo of William Shaw. Mrs. Hall made us a copy of the photo.

From books written by Helen H. Foster and William W. Streeter, I was able to compile the following information on William H. Shaw.

He was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, May 14, 1833, one of ten sons born to Solomon and Polly Shaw. He enlisted in the Army in 1861. At the time he was a resident of Meriden, Connecticut. He married Julia Allen during his early war years. They had four children born in Cummington: Edna J., born Aug. 22, 1862, died Dec. 26, 1983 at the age of 1 year 4 months 4 days; Walter A., born May 10, 1866; Harry Nathan, born June 14, 1871, died May 29, 1872, age 11 months 15 days.

The Editorial Board of Stone Walls feels this is one of the most fascinating and best written diaries we have ever printed.

The Diary of William H. Shaw —1861 - 1865

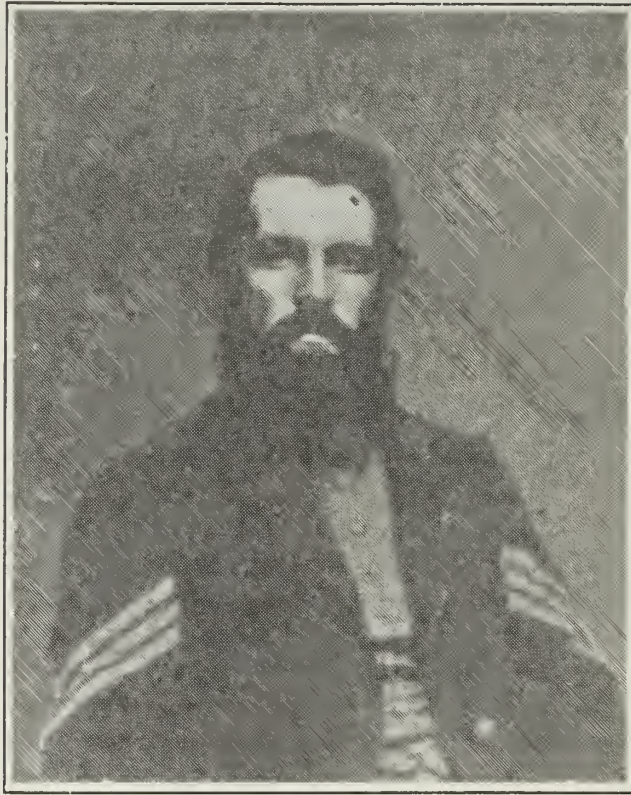
William H. Shaw was born in Cummington, Berkshire County, Mass., May 14, 1833. He was a resident of Meriden, Conn. at the breaking out of the Civil War.

At the first call for seventy-five thousand troops for three months, by President Abraham Lincoln, April 16, 1861, I enlisted in Company B, 3rd Connecticut Volunteer Infantry. No person not living at the time can have the faintest idea of the intense excitement that prevailed. Nothing was talked of but war. On the 17th of April, which was Sunday, about 11 AM, there was a telegram received in Meriden saying that a regiment of troops would be there at 1:00 o'clock, and would like something to eat. The message was taken to all the churches and read from the pulpits as soon as received. The congregations were immediately dismissed and all started for their homes to get food for the troops and to be at the station at one o'clock.

A great many were there on time with everything good to eat and drink. At that hour, the train arrived, preceded by a pilot engine, to see that the track was all right, for at that time there were many who would have thrown the train from the track if they could.

The boys were abundantly fed and in about one-half hour they started again, followed by many a "God bless you!" On the 20th, news was received that the boys we fed had been mobbed in Baltimore. Then the excitement was more intense, if possible. No one would work, every man and boy was on the street talking war. Soon the enlistment papers were in circulation -- and who would enlist? Great war meetings were held night after night: speeches from prominent citizens, bands of music in attendance playing national airs, and all was war, grim war.

Many Democrats in Meriden and throughout the North were opposing the war



William H. Shaw — 1863

very strong, saying: -- let the South secede if they want to. No coercion for them, they would say. Those men were called "Copperheads." A trio of them in Meriden resolved themselves into a committee and visited nearly all the manufacturers of the town, trying to persuade them to oppose the war, especially those who had a large southern trade. They went to one Charles Parker, whose trade south was large in hardware, mostly in coffee and corn mills. The latter were for the slaves to grind their corn. Mr. Parker had many thousand dollars due him from the South at that time, but he told the committee that all could go, and more with it, but the Union must be preserved. They went to a Mr. Pratt, a large manufacturer of fine combs; they said to him the South would buy no more combs of him unless he opposed the war. He heard them through, then his reply was: "Gentlemen, if the South does not want to buy my combs let them go lousy. Good-day." And he turned and left them.

At one of the war meetings, I enlisted. A company was formed with Jared Cook as our captain. We went to camp at Hartford for

organization. Our company men were put into the 3rd Connecticut Volunteer Regiment, as Company B of the regiment. In a short time we were organized and equipped, and started for the seat of war, going by steamer from New Haven down the coast and up the Potomac River to Washington, D.C. Our steamer was the last one to go up the river as the rebels had it blockaded. We passed three rebel earth works mounted with cannon, and expected to be fired upon, but passed without receiving a shot.

On arriving at Washington, we marched up 7th St and camped in a sheep pasture. The other regiments of our brigade were the 1st and 2nd Connecticut and the 2nd Maine. We remained in camp nearly two months, drilling and doing camp duty. Occasionally, we got passes to go down to the city and look around and visit other regiments. The President drove out to see us several times, always alighting from his carriage as soon as he reached the guard line and shook hands with the boys. Towards the last of June, we broke camp, crossing the Potomac River at Georgetown, moving out as far as Falls Church,

and going into camp. The same routine here: camp guard and picket duty, until the 16th of July, when the whole army under General McDowell advanced toward Bull Run, meeting the enemy first on the 17th at Blackburn's Ford, where we had a sharp fight. The 62nd New York Regiment of Zouaves were about one-half mile back of where we were. When the firing began, along in a hurry came three of those boys. I asked them where their regiment was. They said, "Back there." I asked, "Where are you going?" their reply was, "Up there, don't you hear them firing? We cannot wait. We want to get into the fight!" And they did. After the fighting was over, three of my comrades and myself went over the field, and we found the dead bodies of the three boys lying almost side by side. We knew them by their dress.

On the morning of the 21st, very early, we started from Centreville, marching toward Bull Run, arriving near the battlefield where we halted in an open piece of woods right by a little red school house, (the only one I saw while in Virginia.) We formed in line of battle, loaded our muskets, and while leading, in the excitement, one of the rear rank men accidentally shot one of the men in the front rank. We marched by the right flank in columns of fours, taking a circuitous route instead of keeping along the turnpike and crossing the stone bridge, (as it was reported the enemy had the bridge mined, but we learned afterward it was not.) Coming out on the field with the enemy throwing shot and shell at us, down into a ravine and up a rise of ground before halting. Our regiment and the 2nd Maine formed a line of battle. Our objective point was a line of breast works mounted with cannon and filled with infantry, some sixty rods up the hill that we were to capture, if possible. Soon the command forward sounded along the line and we started. After going up the hill twenty-five or thirty rods we crossed the turnpike west of the stone bridge that we left at the school house, and got upon some higher ground. Then, the enemy opened on us with artillery and infantry -- the best they could (and we thought it was enough!) Yet on we went, almost up to the works, but the enemy was making it so hot for

us that we could go no farther, and the order was to fall back, which we did, to the turnpike. As the ditch side of the road was quite deep, we filed into that, and flattened ourselves out as best we could.

Our regiment, in advancing from the road, was partially shielded by a peach orchard and a few small buildings, but the 2nd Maine had to advance across an open field, and their loss in killed and wounded was very heavy. While lying in the ditch, which we did for half an hour or more, I had a chance to see what was going on in another part of the field. I saw the celebrated Black Horse Cavalry have a fight with the 62nd New York regiment (Zouaves) and the 62nd came out best. After this, we fell back to the ravine and remained there for an hour or more. While lying there, a surgeon came along and wanted to know if we were the 7th Virginia regiment. We told him no, and took him prisoner. He had lost his regiment, and came to us through mistake. When we were marched back to the schoolhouse, we expected we were going into another part of the field and attack the enemy again, as we could not see anything that looked like defeat, and were not in the least afraid of being driven from the field. Again forming a line of battle, our brigade waited for the troops to pass, then we fell into the rear, covering the retreat. While standing in line at the school house, the Black Horse Cavalry rode down to within five rods of us and halted, sitting on their horses, looking at us and we at them. We did not know at first who they were, so did not fire on them.

The captain of a battery on our right loaded his pieces and was going to fire on them when someone shouted, "For God's sake, Captain, don't fire on them, they are our men!" So another moment passed before a lieutenant came running along the line shouting, "Why in the devil, Captain, don't you open fire on them? They are not our men! I know who they are!" The captain then fired on them, and we also, and we sent them flying through the open timber that they were in. Not all escaped, for we emptied a good many of the saddles.

The Union troops withdrew from the field, but for what reason the boys in the line did not know. We did not feel as though we had been defeated. It is my opinion that General McDowell became frightened and withdrew from the field. Many of our troops went fleeing towards Washington. The enemy followed us as far as Centreville. Our brigade under General Tyler, covering the retreat of our army, saved a vast amount of property and army stores from falling into the hands of the rebels. At Vienna Station, where we found most of the army stores, we sent to Alexandria for railroad trains. They were sent out to us, and we loaded them, working at this for three days. After three days our brigade returned to Washington. There I found my brother Charles who had enlisted in the 10th Massachusetts regiment. After a few days, we left Washington and returned to Hartford where we mustered out of the service, the term of our enlistment having expired. This ends my three months service.

In the spring of 1862, the President called for three hundred thousand more troops. I was then living in Cummington, Massachusetts, but I heeded the call by again enlisting, July 21, 1862. In a week we were ordered to Pittsfield to camp and drill, preparatory for field service. The regiment, having been fully organized and mustered into the United States Service August 30th as the 37th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, was ordered to Washington the 7th day of September. We left the hills of Berkshire County anticipating working for our country, and determined to win for ourselves a place in history so that we should not be ashamed of ourselves in years to come.

We stopped first at Hudson, N.Y. where we left the cars and took a steamer for Jersey City, arriving there on the morning of the 8th. Here we took the cars for Philadelphia, Pa., reaching there the same evening. We had to wait until midnight for a train to take us to Baltimore. When about four miles out of the city, our train ran into another train that was standing on the track and telescoped three cars. Our train consisted of forty freight cars. We were delayed until nearly 10 o'clock on the morning of the 9th. Several men were

injured and one or two were killed by the accident.

We reached Baltimore about midnight and remained until the morning of the 11th, when we again took the cars and proceeded to Washington where we remained overnight. In the morning we marched over the long bridge across the Potomac to Arlington Heights and camped. Here we drilled and made preparation to join the army which at this time was in Maryland. While in this camp I one day went out some distance from the camp to a house and bought a small peach pie and of course ate it. In a short time I began to feel sick and grew rapidly worse. I went to the surgeon, but he could not relieve me and all thought I would die, but after a while I felt better and gradually came out of it. There was probably some kind of poison in the pie, as the family where I bought it were strong secessionists.

September 30th we were ordered to join the army. We started immediately for Washington and there took the cars for Frederick City, Maryland, where we commenced our soldier life in earnest. We marched to Downsville where the Army of the Potomac was encamped. In going from Frederick City to Downsville, we passed over the battlefield of South Mountain. The battle was fought two days before. We sat by the roadside where the rebels had buried many of their dead, and it was so rocky and full of roots there was very little earth on them. Their feet, hands and faces were all in sight, as they had to bury them in a hurry. We were attached to Devons's Brigade, Couch's Division. In our brigade were the 36th New York Volunteers, three year men; the 7th and 10th Massachusetts, also three year men; and the Rhode Island Volunteers. After remaining in camp a few days, we were ordered out on the march. We were nearly out of rations when the order came and the officers and men, being rather green in our excitement of having a march and perhaps a battle, we neglected to take rations. We started at dark and marched about fifteen miles to Clear Springs where we rested about two hours, then marched to Hancock where we expected to meet the enemy for the first time, but were

disappointed. We remained here a few days with but little to eat, then returned to Downsville, our old camp, and rested. This we thought a hard march, about twenty miles, but we were destined to see harder ones before the war closed.

We were in camp but a few days when we were again ordered on the march. We marched to Berlin and crossed the Potomac River on a pontoon bridge into the state of Virginia, as the rebels had burned the bridge. A long, tedious march was before us. On the 8th of November we arrived at White Plain, Virginia. While there we had a fine snow storm, and with no shelter tents it was very uncomfortable sleeping in the snow. Yet we made the best of it and looked around the lots for something to eat. We found a flock of two hundred sheep and soon made mutton of them. We had plenty of meat that night, and I guess some ate more than they slept. Here Co. D, of which I was a member, was ordered to report at General Franklin's headquarters. General Franklin at this time having command of the Left Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, we were guards and police.

On the 10th, about ten o'clock AM, Generals McClellan, Franklin, Burnside, Kilpatrick and their staffs reviewed the army, and General McClellan took leave of it, he being relieved by orders of the war department. General Burnside taking command, on the 16th we marched enroute for Stafford Court House where we arrived on the 18th. The village is very small, consisting of only the court house, jail, two dwelling houses and a blacksmith shop, which we occupied. December 5 we marched to White Oak Church which we reached the 6th. Elliott Bliss, a young man from Longmeadow, who enlisted in our company, but was afterwards transferred to Co. K., was found dead by the roadside, his head badly bruised. Jacob Neff, of Wilbraham, received a short furlough to take the body home to his friends in Longmeadow. It was said Bliss had a sum of money with him and that was probably why he was murdered. No doubt one of his comrades was the guilty one.

On the morning of the 11th the cannonading commenced at Fredericksburg. On the 14th we moved to the Rappahannock River,

and on the 15th our company was upon the heights opposite Fredericksburg. There we had a fine view of the battle going on down the plains below the town, and also back of it where our forces were trying to carry Mary's Heights, forming line after line of battle and sending them in all day long. But as fast as the lines could form and advance, we could see one, two and three lines form and in ten minutes nothing but fragments left of them. At night the ground over which these charges were made was covered with dead and wounded men. My brother Horatio was in one of these charges and was wounded in the left arm. I learned of it from one of his company and at night went looking for him in the several hospitals where the surgeons were dressing wounds and amputating legs, arms and feet, but I did not find him. I saw them take off an arm from one man and a leg from another. Near the hospitals were piles of legs, arms and feet. Visiting the hospitals at such a time you will learn the tremendous cost of war. This was only one of the many heartrending scenes. This is called the first battle of Fredericksburg, General Burnside in command.

On the morning of December 18th we marched back two miles and went into winter quarters near White Oak Church. Gradually the weeks wore away. When the weather would permit, the day was largely occupied in drilling and the duties of camp and guard, with a occasional tour of the outposts for picket service. It was usually for three days at a time and it was there the New Year of 1863 found our regiment.

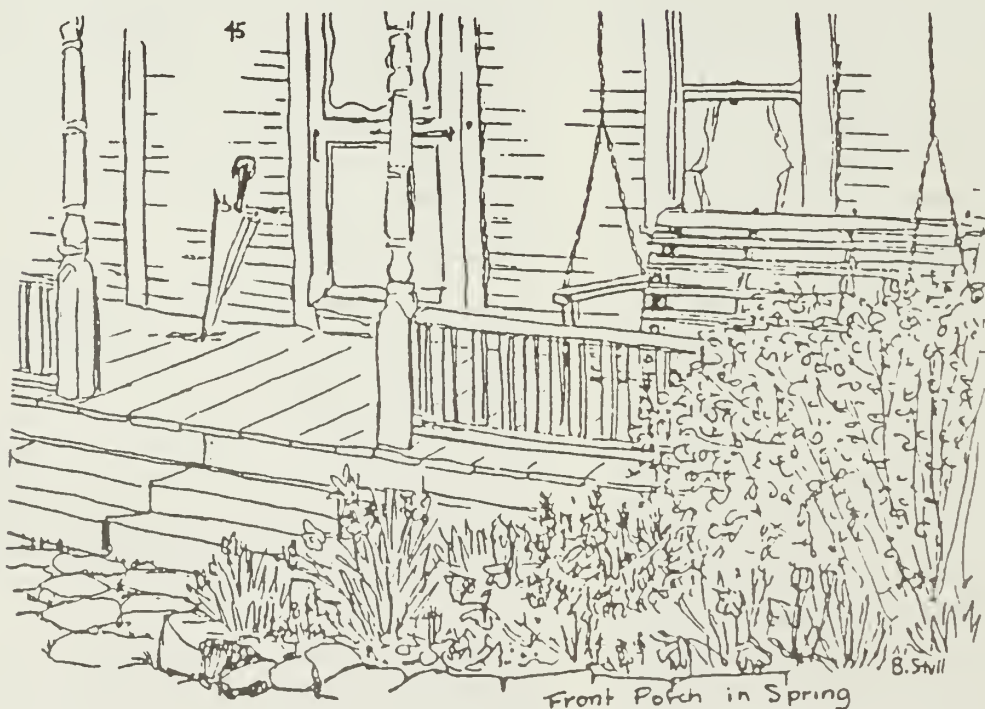
January 20th a part of headquarter moved. It rained and the mud was very damp. The troops have all moved, but the going is so bad that it is almost impossible for teams to move. The 23rd, after three days' march, the troops returned. This was called Burnside's Mud March. The 26th, General Hooker took command of the army and General Sedgewick of the 6th Corp, retaining Co.D. of the 37th Massachusetts Volunteers as his headquarter's guards.

February 8th, General Smith starts on an expedition. On the 26th, all citizens in the army, white or colored, either as teamsters or

mechanics, are ordered to leave as there was more of them than was needed. The 27th, the morning rainy, we started for home for a ten day furlough. Arrived in New York at midnight. At brother Frank's found them well. March 1st my brother Francis came over to Frank's. Had a good visit. In the evening we all went to see brother George. On the 2nd, went to Meriden, Conn. Met (the girl who would become) my wife, whose name is Julia, there with other friends. The 3rd, visiting all day. 4th, fine but cool. Went to Middletown to attend the funeral of brother Horatio's little boy. Came back. Brother John and myself went as far as Springfield toward home. 5th, took the first train for home. Found father and mother well and as glad to see me as I was to see them. The 6th was snowing. Went to the village calling on friends, also called at Mr. Guilford's and Mr. Crosby's at Swift River. 7th, returned to Meriden. 9th, a fine, warm day. Bidding good-by, I left on the first train for New York. Found brothers Frank and Francis at the depot. 10th, arrived in Washington. Took the boat at 8 o'clock, PM. 11th, pleasant. Had a game of ball for the first time in camp. 13th, very cold. 14th, got up a pile of wood for Sunday. 18th, drill and game

of ball. 20th, snowed all day. 27th, Sergeant Sheldon and myself grubbing stumps for wood. April 3rd General Hooker and staff called at General Sedgewick's headquarters after reviewing the 6th Corps. 8th, a grand review of the Army of the Potomac by President Abraham Lincoln, his wife and son. It was a grand sight to see the army in line as far as the eye could reach, marching with division front, and artillery, cavalry and baggage wagons in the rear. It took from 9 o'clock AM until nearly night for them to pass the reviewing officers. 11th, slicking up around headquarters for the Sabbath. 13th, cavalry moving. 14th, making ready for a march with eight day's rations, 60 rounds of cartridges, and all our clothing, which was a great load for sure. 16th, rain like a flood. 24th, signed pay-rolls. 26th, received pay for four months. 27th, orders to move tomorrow morning. 28th, broke up camp. Army on the move. 30th, Company D. reported to regiment in the morning. That evening the 37th Regiment went with a pontoon train as guard up the river about ten miles. The road was very hard and we had to help the mules in many places. One of the drivers was knocked from his mule and killed. We returned the next morning.

To Be Continued



Front Porch in Spring



Genealogical Queries

Compiled by: Grace Barr Wheeler

Seeking information on Daniel Williams born 22 Aug. 1795 in Hadley Mass. He married 1 June 1820 Hannah Manning in Goshen, Mass. He was living in Florida, Mass. at the time of his marriage. Family story is that he was born Daniel Clark.

Kathleen Sedoff
1013 Meadow Lane
Alberton, MT 59820

Would like to know who is the father of James Campbell, father of Hector Campbell, and who was the sister of Elizabeth Campbell Bell. Was it William Campbell and was his wife Jane?

Mrs. Rowena C. Grant
P.O. Box 304
Mannford, OK 74044

Has anyone heard of or seen a sampler done by a Laura Rude, born 13 May 1827: died 27 Dec. 1849? She would be my great-great aunt. I would like a good clear picture or chart of this sampler if it still exists.

Ina R. Mish
Box 1245
East Orleans, MA 02643

According to the Gardner family Bible, Jonathan Gardner, son of Seth and Betsy Bryant Gardner, was born in Worthington, June 1824, married 9 Nov. 1847, Sarah Giddings; Jonathan died 25 January 1858 of consumption in Huntington. Eunice B. Gardner, born 24 April 1826, Worthington, Married 10 June 1847 William P. Miller and lived in Knightville. She died 6 Aug. 1858. Reuben Gardner, born 6 Sept. 1832 in Worthington, m. 11 July 1853 Jane G. Sanders. He died 3 Sept. 1853. Any information concerning any of the above children of Seth and Betsy or their descendants would be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Richard Gardner
590 Sunset Dr.
Hendersonville, NC 28739

Queries are only printed when we have space
Please send your queries to:

Mrs. Grace Wheeler
430 Worthington Rd.
Huntington, MA 01050

Outlying Blandford Burial Places

Doris W. Hayden

Blandford's Old Cemetery, the Hill Cemetery, North Blandford Cemetery and the Stannard Road Cemetery are known to most people in Blandford.

Another town cemetery location is now under the water of Cobble Mountain Reservoir. This was on South Street, not far above the Granville line. The City of Springfield deposited a chart of that cemetery and the disposition made of the remains which were found there at the Porter Memorial Library in Blandford. There were 59 or 60 burials located. Perhaps more were there which were unmarked.

There is a Hastings cemetery on the Sperry Road which can be easily found. This is surrounded by a stone wall. Gravestones were found for:

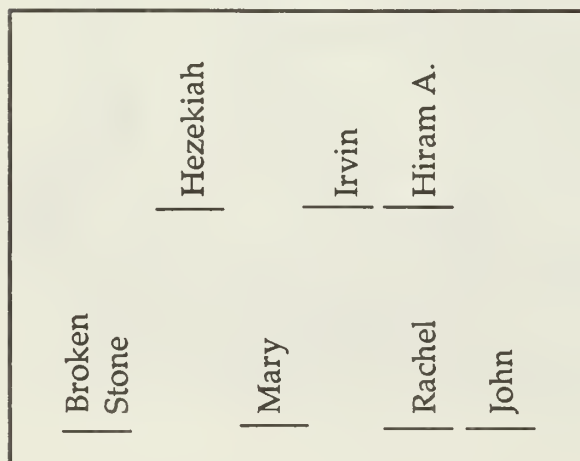
John Hastings d. June 11, 1835 62 yrs.

Rachel Hastings, wife d. June 9, 1849 72 yrs.

Mary Hastings d. March 17, 1839 18 yrs.

Hiram A., son of King S. & Margaret A. Hastings drowned May 28, 1849 6 yrs..

Irvin, son of King & Margaret Hastings d. March 29, 1839 17 mos.



Hezekiah, son of King & Margaret Hastings d. Sept. 13, 1833 3 yrs.

I am sure the following are here also, but with no headstones:

King Solomon Hastings Jan. 24, 1854 48 yrs., 6 mo., 3 days.

Margaret Hastings, wife d. March 22, 1867.

A broken stone in the front row is probably for:

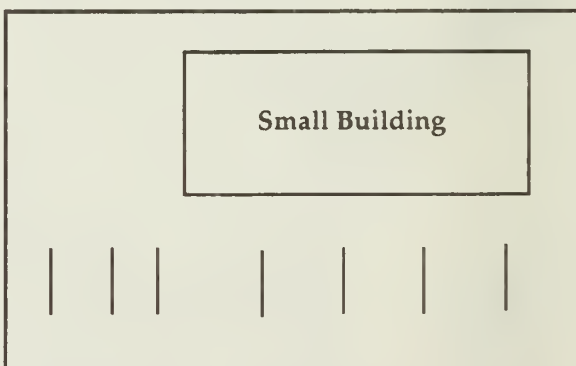
Child of John Hastings d. Sept. 1810 14 mo., drowned. (Blandford Church rec.

Giles Dayton once lived at the east corner of the old Sperry road and Route 23. One stone was finally found flat on the ground. Two names appeared on it:

Mary Dayton d. July 16, 1833 91 0 94 yrs.

Maria E. Dayton d. Jan. 23, 1846 25 yrs., 5 mo., 29 days.

Later, indications of five or six other burials were seen. I am sure Giles Dayton is there, with others of his family. A few years ago a grader went in and probably destroyed all evidence of these burials.



On the Huntington Road, where David Knox once lived, are other burials. Long ago I was told that the gravestones were on top of a pile of field stones on the property. I went

there and found this was so. Apparently, when clearing the lot, these field stones were heaped in the middle of the lot and the gravestones tossed on top. I took these inscriptions:

David Knox d. March 18, 1852 aged 84 yrs.

Rebecca, wife of David Knox d. July 23, 1851 82 yrs.

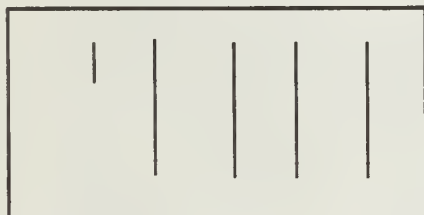
Carolene V., dau. of Maria M. Nye d. Apr. 8, 1839 32 mo.

Melissa M., dau. of Lester & Laura Knox d. May 19, 1835, aged 5 months.

In 1977, my daughter and I went again to this location. At that time, many broken and scattered pieces of gravestones were found near the David Knox cellar hole none whole. One, which was a footstone, with the letter "L" was found there. This was probably for Laura (Sackett) Knox, who married Lester Knox and died in Pittsfield Nov. 22, 1866.

I feel that these burials are on the hill, near the present house. We found indications of five burials, which square with the information above.

House



In the Springfield Watershed area, on the lower part of Falls Road (now discontinued) there are three Sizer burials on Sizer property.

Anthony Sizer d. Oct. 17, 1840 - 78 yrs.

Lucretia Sizer, wife d. Jan. 7, 1850 - 84 yrs., 7 mo., 25 days

Uri Sizer d. Feb. 13, 1839 - 1 yr., 9 mo.

Also on the Falls Road is a Warfield cemetery with a stone wall surrounding it. When I saw it, these stones were there:

Samuel Warfield d. Dec. 3, 1857 - 77 yrs.

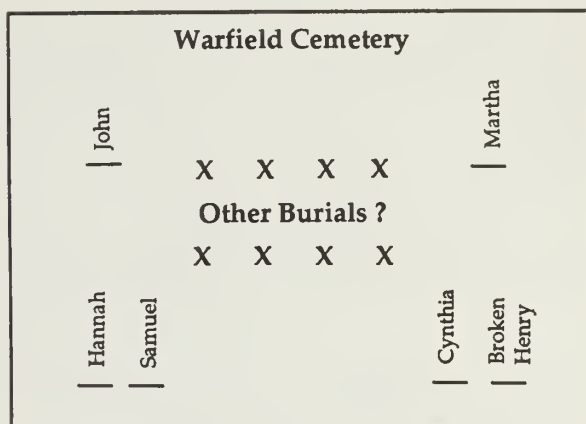
Hannah Warfield, wife d. Sept. 27, 1862 - 76 yrs., 6 mo., 23 days

Henry H. Warfield d. Jan. 10, 1892 - 75 yrs., 8 mo., 11 days

Cynthia M. Warfield, wife d. Jan. 24, 1881 - 62 yrs., 10 mo.

John Warfield d. May 29, 1835 - 3 yrs.

Martha E. Warfield d. Nov. —, 1845 - 6 days



Depressions indicated other burials, but no gravestones were seen. I have been told that the cemetery is in bad shape now.

There were two Barker sisters, daughters of Thomas F. Barker, who were buried in North Blandford, according to information given me. Because they died of smallpox, it was said they were buried beside the road near the Charles Babb place. There were gravestones there at one time, so my informant said, but when the road was relocated, or repaired, the graves were covered. These graves will probably never be located.

Ida Barker d. March 14, 1870 - 10 yrs. smallpox

Lottie Barker d. March 21, 1870 - 3 yrs., 10 mo. smallpox

At the discontinued end of Millard Road, near Route 23, is or was a small stone.

Infant of Henry B. & Hannah W. Wadhams d. July 18, 1842 - 7 mo.

This burial was found opposite the cellar-hole which is on the west side of the road.

Lorenzo Franklin, a black, owned land opposite the Sanderson Brook Road. According to this death record:

John Ten Eyck, a mulatto d. Aug. 16, 1878 buried on land of Lorenzo Franklin.

If so, probably Lorenzo Franklin, who d. Feb. 21, 1899 73 yrs., and Lucinda Franklin, wife, who d. March 29, 1899 78 yrs., are buried on the same place.

Their death records say "buried in Blandford". I have found no markers anywhere.

Another burial is said to be in the lot opposite the former William Wyman house on Birch Hill Road. It is probably in back of the present Elwin Wyman home. No marker is to be found.

Estalla M. Crooks, dau. James & Sophronia (Wyman) Crooks d. July 29, 1869 1 mo., 29 days

Several years ago, I was told that there was a gravestone part way up Negro Hill Road. I made it a "must" to find it myself. I did with some difficulty. Later in my Blandford research, I came across this town record:

"March 11, 1833 Voted to accept half an acre of land for a burying ground of Giles Tracy on the condition of fencing the same at the expense of the town."

One day a man from Westfield asked me the whereabouts of miscellaneous outlying burials. He especially wanted to go to the Negro Hill site. At that time, Ralph Warfield had a vehicle with 4-wheel drive. He took us up the hill. The road had long been discontinued and was badly washed and rutted. What a ride! But we made it.

The Giles Tracy stone lies flat on the ground. Beside it is a depression which I assume is the resting place of his wife. At right angles were stubs of one or two gravestones, but nothing could be made of these.

Giles Tracy d. March 12, 1833 73 yrs.

I could find no markers of any kind for other burials, but my divining rods indicated





Doris Hayden and friend looking at gravestones

burials as I have shown on the chart. Because of broken branches, etc. I could not be sure if I found all of them. (For unbelievers, see "Stone Walls" Vol. 2 #3 -1976).

Most of the negroes, who once were in Blandford, lived on this road. The town records of their deaths say "buried in Blandford". Since I find no gravestones for them elsewhere, I firmly believe these too, are buried here:

Vial Brewster d. March 25, 1823 supposed over 90

Lettice Brewster, wife d. March 8, 1830 - 87 yrs.

Jared Cables d. Aug. 14, 1857 - 92 yrs., 6 mo.

Mary Cables, wife d. June 12, 1819 - 42 yrs.

Judah (Jones) (Martin) Cables d. Nov. 13, 1855 - 85 yrs.

Patty Foot d. April 8, 1825 - 70 yrs.

Jethro Jones d. Jan. 12, 1828 - 96 or 99 yrs.

Judah Jones, wife - d. Oct. 15, 1829 - 66 yrs.

William Martin d. Nov. 28, 1815 - 42 yrs.

Judith (or Judah) Martin d. Nov. 13, 1855 - 85 yrs.

David Miller d. Jan. 8, 1892 - 91 yrs., 9 mo.

Jenny (Brewster) (Jones) Miller d. July 11, 1869

No stone wall surrounds the area and trees have grown up with a tangle of undergrowth. Since this land was accepted by the town, it is sad that nothing was ever done to preserve this small plot.

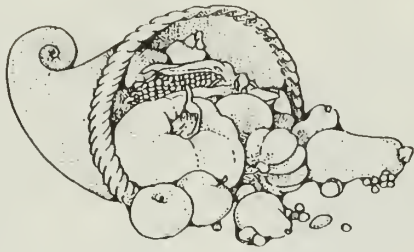
Giles Tracy Cemetery

Wife?

Giles
Tracy



Burials Indicated -
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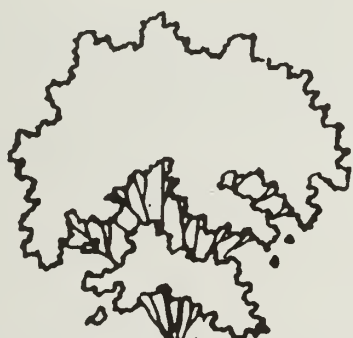
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*So little time; so much to do,
Yet all that waste of weary, toil-worn hands!
Life came and went; the patient task is through
The men are gone; the idle structure stands.*

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